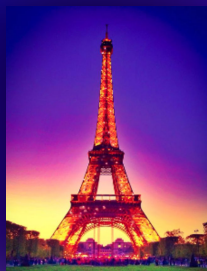




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More Than That



👁 247 ✓ 15 ★ 29

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

We had gone to Paris for spring break. It was just supposed to be a fun trip with friends, but it turned into much more than that.

"Come on, Kelsey, we're gonna be late," Brian said, laughing as he practically dragged me across the airport to our gate.

Chapter 2 by Luki Martin



I was excited for this trip. Beyond excited, actually. A week and a half with no parents or siblings? That was the life. However, as I looked out of the windows of the airport at the landscape around us, I realized I was going to miss home so much.

"Kelsey," Brian said, nudging my shoulder gently. "It's now or never." He tore me away from the beautiful view and towards the lady at the gate.

"Passports and tickets?" the lady asked, reaching out a dainty hand. As I stood there while Brian was digging in his bag for his passport, I caught myself staring at this woman. She was hardly a couple years older than us. What I noticed overall was how she was checking out Brian. Instinctively, I wrapped my arms around Brian's waist. He and I were just friends, but he would never know how much I loved him.

"Brian hurry up!" I hissed. "The kind girl is waiting!"

Brian elbowed me and chuckled. "I'll be right back, I just need to find my passport!"

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I sighed before shooting a glance at the flirtatious woman. She had looked away from Brian. Thank goodness. Brian was still rooting through his bag. I handed the attendant my own ticket and passport before turning back to Brian.

"Seriously? Come on Brian. We're going to miss our flight." I was worried about that happening. I really wanted to get free of this town. This trip was just what I needed, but I didn't want to go without Brian. I finally turned and went down the tunnel towards the plane.

While I sat in my seat waiting for Brian I suddenly got nervous. The plane was about to take off and he still wasn't here. I reached into the pocket of my jeans to turn off my phone and it vibrated. I jumped in surprise before pulling it out to see I had a new text. It was from Brian.

"Hey. Sorry, I guess I forgot my passport at home. You're gonna have to go without me. I'm so sorry Kelsey. Have fun in Paris until I can get another flight. I put the hotel info in your bag before we left." My heart dropped in my chest. Great now not only was the man I loved alone with a girl who was checking him out but I was flying miles away from home, all alone. Well this should be fun.

Chapter 4 by R



You know what was even more fun? My first sight of Paris.

Can you feel the sarcasm?

For the city of love, Paris wasn't exactly, well, lovely. Honestly. The place was kind of dirty and there were pigeons everywhere, and maybe it was just my broken heart but the place wasn't screaming romance. It was screaming boring.

I sighed. I might as well go see all the sights here in Paris, even if I was all alone. There was no point spending all of my time locked up in my hotel room, not when I had a week in a foreign county with clothing my mother would never let me wear.

Yeah. One week. Sure all of my expectations were down the drain, but this could work. I could make this work. I could have a sling of one night stands with incredibly attractive french boys

and throw that in Brian's face.

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Sure. I like that would even

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Chapter 5 by Lauren



The cab finally pulled up outside the small hotel that would be my home for the next week. I was supposed to be sharing this experience with Brian; smiling and laughing, bursting at the seams with excitement towards this amazing vacation. Instead, I was alone, handing the cab driver his payment as I collected my luggage from his clearly overworked hands. With a deep sigh I knew was too over dramatic for my situation, I pulled my suitcase along behind me as I entered through the front door.

Small and quaint, the lobby of the hotel had a fresh floral scent to it, one I knew was due to the bouquet of lilacs the adorned the receptionist desk. The older gentleman behind the counter smiled brightly at me, and I couldn't help but smile back as his positive attitude washed over me like a gentle ocean wave.

"Bonjour, mademoiselle. Bienvenue à Paris. Vous restez avec nous pendant que vous visitez la ville de l'amour ?" (Welcome to Paris. Are you staying with us while you visit the city of love?) It was times like these I was glad I took French through out high school and managed to successfully learn the language. Tucking a loose strand of hair behind my ear, I smiled politely at the man.

"Oui monsieur. La réservation doit être sous le nom Kelsey Larson. (Yes, sir. The reservation should be under the name Kelsey Larson.)" Thank goodness I made all reservations in my name and didn't have to deal with explaining where my plus one was.

The man introduced himself as Henri and continued to detail the amenities I was already aware of in the hotel. However, my eyes had caught onto what was clearly a cute French boy who stood next to the desk sending a very cheeky smirk my way. I tracked his eyes as he looked me up and down, no discretion in his action as his smirk merely grew larger on his defined face. My attention snagged back onto Henri when my ears recognized he was speaking English and holding out my room key.

"You are in room 325. My son, Jacques here, will help you with your bags. Welcome again to Paris and I hope you enjoy your stay." I took the keys from his hand and turned to Jacques,

flushing at the knowledge that I was about to be in a hotel room alone with this very good looking man, and the gleam in his eye.

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Chapter 1 of 8



Apparently, I was wrong, and he was thinking something very different than I was.

As soon as we pulled a gun out, and aimed it in my direction. "American, yes?" He asked, in badly accented English. "Hand over all of your money."

"What!" I stared at my bags, digging through them for money. "Is this the scam you and your father run, then? Getting people to pay for a room and then robbing them blind?"

"No, this is just me, chienne." He snarled.

If I handed over the money, I'd be stuck in this country forever. I could barely speak the language, only the small amount I'd memorized. I missed my friends already. This wouldn't be happening.

I rushed towards him, ready to attack, and he squeezed the trigger, the sound echoing in my ears as the bullet tore through my chest. I fell to the ground.

I heard him muttering in french, eyes full of fear, before I closed my eyes and surrendered to what might have been sleep and might have been death.

Chapter 7 by Booklovr78



As I was coming out of the hazy and dark abyss I heard something or rather someone around me. "Kelsey, Kelsey sweetie, please wake up Kels." I heard Brian.

I mentally smiled, his voice was encouraging, as if trying to help me get out of this caged state. As I tried to move my fingers he kept talking, trying to coax me out of this caged state. I finally got to at least twitch my finger, after that accomplishment I tried to open my eyes.

As my eyes fluttered open I immediately shut them, it was too bloody bright. I cracked open one eye and glanced over to the chair next to me, there he was, in all his glory, my Brian.

"B-brian?" My voice came out all raspy, and I was in sudden need of some water. He seemed to

understand because he rushed over to the table and grabbed the cup. I started gulping it down, once it was gone I nodded my head. "What?" I asked cautiously.

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Brian gulped and then looked at me. "You're still alive? You could've died! You would have left me for good, not just one week in frickin' France!" Brian snarled. I nodded and I finally

noticed the glistening tears running down his cheeks.

I finally realized, my Brian loved me, and was worried about me.

Chapter 8 by Fanwizard



"W-where am I?" my voice is raspy, and I'm disoriented. I can't focus on anything; from the pale ceiling, to Brian's baby blue eyes, or the tears running down his face.

"God, Kelsey, you were just shot by some random French guy, and that's the first thing you ask?" Brian tries to laugh, but it sounds like a choke.

"What happened?"

"After Jase," Brian says his name like a dirty word, "shot you, Mrs. Watson heard and saw Jase running off and your body. She called 9-1-1, and after you arrived at the hospital, they searched your cell phone, saw my contact, and called me. I came on the fastest flight."

"What about Jase?" I try to move, but wince at all the wires attached to my body, pinning me down.

"*Nom de Dieu*, Kelsey. He's been taken in for questioning," Brian's hand reaches for mine. "Your parents and sister called and told me that they would be flying in to check on you."

He squeezes, and I try to relax, but the thought of my perfect sister and perfect parents coming during the time that was supposed to be my time where I was supposed to have freedom unnerves me. I never really could get away.

"Kelsey, don't you *ever* scare me like that again," Brian tries to sound serious and firm, but both his hands and voice are shaky. I know Brian way too well that when something's shaking, then he's either about to burst into tears, have a nervous breakdown, or both. "Promise me."

"I promise," I squeeze his hand, trying to send reassurance, but it's hard when we're both unnerved.

Brian lets go of my hand, takes a deep breath, then looks at me. "They said that you might have to go to rehab to recover for a few months, maybe even a year. That it might be hard for you to go back to how it was before..."

He drifts off, staring into space for a while, and finally says, "Kelsey, there's no other way to say it."

I know what's coming. I know what he's going to say and what I'm going to say back. So we say it at the same time.

"I love you."

Brian looks at me with surprise and delight. "You love me?"

I smile. "Of course. Ever since we were fifteen."

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"I thought that we were just friends. You always said that whenever someone asked whether we were dating."

"Because I was afraid of rejection, so I kept it secret for another few years."

Before I know it, we're leaning toward each other, the distance between us decreasing and decreasing. When his lips touch mine, I feel the spark that I've felt for years now.

We smile at the same time.

the end

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